

Ordinary people had better not speak to me unless they wish to be snubbed.—Take notice, all.

The journey was nearly ended—the cars were within two score miles of their destination, when they stopped at a thriving town, where the empty seats were soon taken up. Our hero had passed an uncomfortable night on account of the crowded state of the cars. He had just taken down his stylish portmanteau and placed it on the seat beside him, that he might avail himself, if possible, of more space. One and another speedily seated themselves in the vacant places.

"Is this seat engaged?" asked a pleasant voice.

Charles looked up. A young man, in a rough coat a little the worse for wear, a common woolen comforter about his neck, a shaggy and well worn cap on his head, stood with one hand on the back of the seat specified. "Decidedly some low fellow," thought Charles, "going up for work; he looks exactly like a hand out of employment."

"Yes, it is," was the quick reply. "You had better pass into the other car; there are plenty of seats there—for such as you," was the disdainful addition, conveyed by look rather than speech.

Presently the cars moved on. The young fellow stationed himself against a projection in the partition, and stood there patiently for some time. Then he turned to the charge.

"Does this carpet-bag belong to you?" he asked, fixing a clear, cool blue eye upon our exquisite.

"It isn't a carpet-bag," was the curt rejoinder.

"This portmanteau, then?"

"Yes, it does."

"Have you paid double fare?"

"That's none of your business," retorted Charles.

"Which means no," was the cool rejoinder, and lifting the handsome article, he swung it in place on the rack, and before the astonished Charles could find his tongue, he had seated himself by his side.

"That was an impertinent trick of yours," said Charles, hotly.

"Paid my fare young man, and am bound to have a seat," was the laughing reply.

"I'm not used to sitting with greasy mechanics, was the low retort, not so low, however, but what it was heard by the other, whose eye flashed angrily for the moment. Presently, however, the ludicrous side of the affair seemed to strike him; his honest blue eyes twinkled. He lifted up his worn gloves and counted the holes in them; he cast a glance over the somewhat threadbare coat, and another at the rich clothing of his companion.

"O, we're not so much at odds as might be, if you're a tailor—as I take you to be; and I'm a carpenter," he said, laughing.

"You're impertinent, sir," was the only reply vouchsafed by the indignant young man.

"You told me that once before; it strikes me you are not conversant with the rules of polite society. It is not good breeding to tell a man even a disagreeable truth."

Charles gathered himself up in wrathful dignity, and looked from the window. He was angry that the man who appeared as if he were devoted to some menial calling, had the capacity and the audacity to answer him as if he considered himself his equal.

"Travelling far west?" queried he of the honest blue eyes, in quiet voice, as if nothing had happened, and he would fain make up and be friendly.

Charles decided not to answer him. Then it occurred to him that he would put down this repulsive intruder once for all, and in his loftiest manner he answered—

"I am going to make a visit to Gov. Dunlap; do you happen to be acquainted with him?" he asked, ironically.

"O yes, very well; in fact I have done several little jobs for him," was the answer, the blue eyes twinkling faster than ever—"Are you sent by any particular firm?"

"I go as his guest, sir," said Charles, haughtily, with a withering glance.

"You'll find the old gentleman a little peculiar," said the unwelcome informant, assuming a manner of marked familiarity, "He hates snobs, won't wear gloves, and does his own marketing. I thought it would be no harm to put you on your guard."

"Thank you for nothing," was the insolent reply. "I've no doubt I shall find Gov. Dunlap a gentleman."

"Ah! there you are right," said the plain young man with the honest blue eyes, not a whit abashed at the retort. "He is a gentleman. I happen to know that. No poor man comes to him for a favor and is turned away. He never judges a man by the cut of his clothes or the quality of his garments. Yes, we are all of us proud of our Governor, because he is a gentleman."

This retort made the young exquisite feel unpleasantly warm, but he determined to keep up the appearance of extreme annoyance, and did so till the cars stopped at the very city in which he was to sojourn.

"John," cried his rough acquaintance, beckoning to a man who stood beside a plain handsome carriage, "this gentleman is going to Gov. Dunlap's;" then adding a few words aside, he turned to go in another direction. John, looking like a man who was forcing himself to wear a serious face, put Charles into the handsome carriage, and our hero had time only to ask the coachman who that fellow was who spoke to him.

"A young man as does odd jobs for the Governor," was the grinning reply; and Charles, quite satisfied that he was right, enjoyed the admiring glances of the crowd and was driven off.

Quite at home in the Governor's splendid palace-house, Charles had nearly forgotten his little *recontre* by evening. Two pretty daughters of his host, with their cousin, made his visit more than agreeable, while the old Governor recalled reminiscences of his college days. Suddenly the door was opened, both sisters sprang forward with the cry, "Its our dear old Hal!—brother Harry, of whom we have been telling you."

Charles stood rooted to the floor. Words cannot express the confusion he felt at the mere glance of that clear blue eye, that twinkled as if it wanted to explode in showers of mischievous fun. The blood rushed to his face and receded again, leaving him quite pale and faint. He felt, indeed, like a very common-place individual, and completely crushed at that. Fortunately the

joy was so universal that he was not narrowly observed.

"Don't trouble yourself," whispered Harry, aside to him. "Nobody need to know that we have met before. But let me repeat to you that I'm a working man, and do little jobs for the Governor," and he turned away, laughing, as he shook poor Charles by the hand.

It was a good lesson for our young coxcomb, and in his heart of hearts he acknowledged it as such. Never again did he judge a man by his outward appearance, and though, let us hope, he always afterwards took a reasonable pride in appearing like a gentleman externally, the ideal did not crop out so luxuriantly as before in gloves, shirt-fronts and gold studs.

Vermont Daily Transcript.

ST. ALBANS, VT.:

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1868.

Republican Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT,

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

VERMONT.

For Governor—JOHN B. PAGE, of Rutland.

For Lieutenant-Governor—STEPHEN THOMAS, of West Fairlee.

For Treasurer—JOHN A. PAGE, of Montpelier.

For Electors at Large—GEORGE W. GRANDEY, of Vergennes; H. FAIRBANKS, of St. Johnsbury.

For Congress—WORTHINGTON C. SMITH, of St. Albans.

FRANKLIN COUNTY.

For Senators—BRADLEY BARLOW, of St. Albans; HENRY A. BURT, of Swanton; WILLIAM R. HUTCHINSON, of Epsworth.

For Assistant Judges—WALTER C. STEVENS, of Highgate; JOHN K. WILSON, of Franklin.

For Judge of Probate—MYRON W. BAILEY, of St. Albans.

For State's Attorney—WILLIAM PARSONS, of St. Albans.

For Sheriff—JAMES P. PLACK, of Highgate.

For High Bailiff—JULIUS HALLBERT, of Fairfax.

A Chat with the Argus.

The Montpelier *Argus* flatters itself that the remarks of its editor at the

Fairfield Democratic convention

"troubled" the TRANSCRIPT. No

trouble at all, Mr. Atkins, thank you.

If Mr. Barlow, or any other prominent

man, can not survive and even profit by

such abuse as was heaped upon him by

a political opponent, then the lessons of

party history are vain. Abuse is not

argument, nor is it very convincing. The

little speech made against Mr. Barlow

had a very good effect, we understand;

though not the effect intended by its

author. The abuse of Mr. Barlow by a

prominent Democratic speaker con-

vinced many Republicans that the ob-

ject of such abuse must be a pretty thor-

ough Republican, or the speaker

would have given him the "benefit of

the doubt;" and the commendation of

the same speaker, extended to Mr. At-

wood and his vote in the Senate, as being

"right," also left no room for doubt that

the latter gentleman is a very reliable

Democrat, whose sympathies are entire-

ly with the Democratic party; or, as the

Argus says, "who acts with the Demo-

crats because his sense of right and duty

compel him to." Of course such a man

cannot expect others, whose "sense of

right and duty compels" them to think

he is wrong, to support him in the

cause which is so directly against their

convictions; for to do so would be for

them to go exactly contrary to the cause

which their "sense of right and duty"

approves. Oh, no, we are not troubled

at Mr. Atkins' speech. It helped clear

up things very well.

The *Argus* harps upon that rusty

string which is so convenient, and char-

ges that the TRANSCRIPT has been

"bought up this year" to support Mr.

Barlow. This is a very foolish charge.

If Mr. Barlow was a bolter, and not on

the regular ticket, there might seem to be

some ground for such a charge. But as

things are, there is no more reason to

say the TRANSCRIPT is "bought up,"

than to say the *Argus* is "bought up,"

to support the regular Democratic nomi-

inations in its own County. Mr. Bar-

low was as regularly and fairly nomi-

nated at our County Convention as any

man on the ticket. There is no more

reason for us to bolt him than there is

to bolt any other candidate nominated

at that Convention; and there is as good

ground to charge us with being bought

for supporting the balance of the ticket. Mr. Atkins is unfortunate in his style of argument. Is the *Argus* "bought up" to support regular nominees? We don't care to make any such silly charge. We may say, however, that we think it ought to cost something for even the *Argus* to support such a renegade abolitionist as Frak Blair, "the political soldier of fortune," even on a straight ticket, or to support such a renegade Democrat and Republican as Andy Johnson.

Prof. King, of Boston, who made a balloon ascension from St. Albans once, at which time some one kindly robbed us of an umbrella, is about to go up from Rutland, more than half the sum required for the enterprise being already raised. We wish he would come here again, so that some one could have a chance to return our umbrella. We hate to think of it as lost forever. It was dear to us.

CAUTION.—We hope that none of our readers will suppose that any of our allusions to historical personages and names, in the article of Thursday about "stories for children," were intended to be accurate to a nicety. If they entertain such an idea they are liable to be mistaken. We were treating of fairy tales, and of course we sought to amuse more than to instruct, and to lead our readers towards a love for fairy lore, which pays little attention to serious probabilities. Friar Bacon, if we must speak seriously, was a different individual from Lord Bacon of St. Albans and Verulam; and the late Hon. Portus Baxter was not the author of the work referred to by us, so precious to many a one that finds no chance, or sees no chance of rest here. The truth is, we fell into the fictitious manner of the stories we were writing of; and whether the publishers of these stories hope to be believed or not, we scarcely expected to have our allusions to real names taken very literally.

Correspondence.

BARDWELL HOUSE.

RUTLAND, AUG. 20, 1868.

EDITORS TRANSCRIPT:

I took a hurried run to Boston Tuesday evening, spent the day there yesterday, and returned by night train to this point last night.

When I left St. Albans Tuesday afternoon the dust was almost impenetrable, but the prospect for rain was so fair that I am surprised to learn from St. Albans gentlemen just down from there that none fell.

The patter of rain on the car roof as we run down the valley of White and Connecticut rivers was most cheering to one just escaped from the dust and drought of our section and not the smallest part of the satisfaction we experience at the sound arose from the conviction that it must extend to our neighborhood.

Last night all the way up from Fitchburg to this place it was raining just in that slow, pleasant manner that we all like to contemplate. From about two o'clock this morning till about eleven it has continued, and there is not now nor has there been for some weeks any felt want of rain here.

In Massachusetts the season has been a wet one and no part of their farming operations or their crops are, or have been, as forward as with us.

There is considerable haying to be done, though some part of it is the second crop.

The Vermont Historical Society meets here at 3 o'clock this p.m. Gentlemen of the Society are already here in considerable numbers from various parts of the State. I notice among them Geo. F. Houghton, Esq., and L. L. Dutcher, Esq., of St. Albans.

O. S. B.

Washington News.

A movement to get the President to remove Gen. Geo. H. Thomas from his command in Kentucky and Tennessee is pressed very earnestly by conservatives from these States. They declare that Thomas is even more radical than Brownlow.

A special despatch to the Alexandria (Va.) *Gazette* says the rotunda of the University of Virginia took fire accidentally on Wednesday, and the building and library were considerably damaged. A train from Charlottesville took down some persons to put the fire out. Loss not known.

Wednesday evening the office effects, cars, engines, &c., of the Washington, Alexandria and Georgetown Railroad Company were taken possession of under an order of the Circuit Court of Alexandria, by Wm. H. Marbury, appointed in the said order receiver of that part of the road lying in the State of Virginia.

The rumors afloat that our government contemplate the protectorate of Mexico are pronounced in responsible quarters without foundation. The policy heretofore pursued toward our sister Republic will be continued.

The work of removing the office of the Agricultural Department to the new building in South Washington, is progressing quite rapidly. The Library and Laboratory have already been removed, and by next week the Commissioners' and most of the officers' departments will have become located in their new quarters.

A meeting of the Cabinet was held at the White House at noon on Monday, and continued until 3 o'clock. The final instructions to Ministers Rosecrans and Watts were discussed and agreed upon.

The competency of the various applicants for the Alaska and New Orleans Collectorships were discussed; no appointment for either place was, however, announced by the President.

The course of Commissioner Rollins was commented upon, and it was generally agreed that he had no idea of resigning.

The question of the U. S. District Attorneyship, for the eighth district of Pennsylvania, was referred to, and the verbal opinion of Attorney General Everts given to the effect that the President could make the appointment.

The President announced in Cabinet that he would probably leave Washington on Thursday for a pleasure trip of two or three weeks. It was thought that he would visit Tennessee, although he did not state the route he had determined to take.

All the members of the Cabinet were present, except Secretary Welles.

Special Notices.

Missisquoi Springs.

OPENING, June 22d, 1868.

E. B. PECKHAM, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I take the liberty to write you, asking how they are getting along at the Missisquoi Springs. Whether they are sitting up any hotels, and what the price of board is per week. Write me full particulars, all about the Springs. My health is first rate. I am as sound as I ever was. The cancer on my face is all off, and as smooth as it ever was. There are other parties that want to go to the Springs this Summer. By writing you will much oblige me. Tell Mr. Wright I am much obliged to him for his courtesy in writing to me.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN E. TALLMAN.

The certificate you notice says that I commenced the use of the Missisquoi Spring water on the 7th of May, and continued till the analysis of the 1st Spring; or I might have said more precisely till the last of October, at which time I used up the last of the water I had from you, which was a part of that bottled to me by you as I referred to October 5th at the commencement of this letter. I will say that I don't think I would have lived but a few weeks had it not been for the timely use of the Missisquoi Spring Water, and said so to your agent, and many others there last summer.

Very Respectfully, Yours,

J. R. CLARK.

ADDRESS TO THE NERVOUS AND DELICATE.

Indicated, those sufferings have been produced from indigestion, and whose cases require prompt treatment to render existence desirable: If you are suffering or have suffered from involuntary discharges, what effect does it produce upon your general health? Do you feel weak, debilitated, easily tired? Does a little exertion produce palpitation of the heart? Does your liver, or urinary organs, or your kidneys, frequently get out of order? Is your urine sometimes thick, milky, or frothy, or is itropy on setting? Or does a thick scum rise on the top? Or is a sediment at the bottom after it has stood awhile? Do you have spells of short breathing or dyspnea? Are your bowels constipated? Do you have spells of fainting, or rushes of blood to the head? Is your memory impaired? Is your mind constantly dwelling upon this subject? Do you feel dull, listless, mooping, tired of company, of life? Do you wish to be left alone, to get away from everybody?—Does any little thing make you start or jump? Is your sleep broken, or restless? Is the lustre of your eyes brilliant? The bloom of your cheeks as bright? Do you enjoy yourself in society as well? Do you pursue your business with the same energy? Do you feel as much confidence in yourself? Are your spirits dull and lagging, given to fits of melancholy? If so do not lay it to your liver or dyspepsia. Have you restless nights? Your back weak, your knees weak, and have but little appetite, and you attribute this to dyspepsia or liver-complaint?

Now, reader, self abuse, venereal diseases badly cured, and sexual excesses, are all capable of producing a weakness of the generative organs. The organs of generation, when in perfect health, make the man. Did you ever think that those bold, daring, energetic, persevering, successful business men are always those whose generative organs are in perfect health? You never hear such men complain of being melancholy, or nervousness, or palpitation of the heart. They are never afraid they cannot succeed in business; they don't become sad and discouraged; they are always polite and pleasant in the company of ladies, and look you and them right in the face—none of your downcast looks or any other meanness about them. I do not mean those inflated by rumbling to excess. These will not only ruin their constitutions, but also those they do business with or for.

Many men, from badly cured diseases, from the effects of self abuse and excesses, have brought about that state of weakness in those organs that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease—Idiocy, lunacy, paralysis, spinal affections, suicide, and almost every other form of disease which humanity is heir to, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever suspected, and have been doctored for all but the right one.

Diseases of these organs require the use of a pure, healthy, and powerful medicine. Dr. HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT OF DUCHU is the great Diuretic, and is a certain cure for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, Dropsy, Organic Weakness, Female Complaints, General Debility, and all diseases of the Urinary Organs, whether existing in Male or Female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing.

If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity may ensue. Our flesh and blood are supported from these sources, and the health and happiness, and that of posterity, depends upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.

Helmbold's Extract Duclui, established upwards of 18 years, prepared by H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist, 394 New York, and 104 South 10th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price—25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$1.50, delivered to any address. Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

None are Genuine unless done up in steel engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed

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Dr. J. W. POLAND,

Manufacturer.

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A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from nervous debility, and premature decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured.—Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence,

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In the Treatment of Diseases incident to Females, has placed Dr. Dow at the head of all the physicians making such practice a specialty, and enables him to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure in the worst cases of Suppression and all other Menstrual Derangements, from whatever cause. All letters for advice must contain \$1. Office, No. 9 Endicott Street, Boston.

N. B. Board furnished to those desiring to remain under treatment.

Boston, July, 1868.

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Information guaranteed to produce a luxuriant growth of hair upon a bald head, or a beardless face, also a recipe for the removal of pimples, blotches, eruptions, &c., on the skin, leaving the same soft, clear, and beautiful, can be obtained without charge by addressing

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Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and the numerous as well as dangerous diseases of the Throat, Chest, and Lungs, prevail in our changeable climate at all seasons of the year; few are fortunate enough to escape their baneful influence. How important then to have at hand a certain antidote to all these complaints. Experience proves that this exists in Wistar's Balsam to an extent not found in any other remedy; however severe the suffering, the application of this soothing healing and wonderful Balsam at once vanquishes the disease and restores the sufferer to wanted health.

TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

MONKTON, VT., June 28, 1860.

Messrs. S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston,

Gentlemen:—Having for twenty years past been in the habit of using Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, in cases of Coughs, Colds, and Pulmonary Affections, I can testify to its great merits with the utmost confidence. I believe it to be the best medicine for these complaints ever used, and have no doubt that the use of it has at three several times saved me from Consumption, besides many times in late years, affording immediate relief in less severe attacks. I am 78 years of age,